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# The Fear Our Fears



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## Chapter 1 by xXShadowStepXx 39

The corridor was long and windy and it appeared to be endless. I began to worry myself with what is coming for me or what will happen next. Like pages of a book unfolding later to find out there is no end. After about an hours walk the corridor ended and I found myself in a room with 4 by 4 windows that were covered by bloodshot curtains. Not my taste in draping but I wasn't here to admire there interior much less there lifestyle. I was here for secrets and boy was there a lot here. I looked through a dust filled cabinet that appeared to have documents in it. As I picked one up it looked so old and burnt that I probably shouldn't bother even grabbing it in the first place.

A pain in my left leg began to pain me. I tried walking more hoping for it to go back to normal but every weighted step I took it hurt even more. I pulled up my jeans and look at where the pain was. I looked around my leg and in three seconds I noticed a needle. I pulled it out and my leg instantly started gushing out puss everywhere on the floor. I ripped my shirt just a little bit and used the fabric to cover the wound and to tie it in place. I got back up and limped out of the room. When I exited I found myself... back in the endless corridor.

Chapter 2 by Left Chu

1/4

What was happening? I wondered. See more of Story Wars  
I remembered being here and I did I get here? I only  
remembered being here and my throbbing leg. What  
was happening?

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Did I have some disease? Because usually needles don't appear in my legs. I rush away from room, more like limp. Whatever that place was wasn't good. I continue down the corridor; it must have an end. Everything come to an end; I knew that much. But this place didn't seem to end.

The corridor was getting darker, and darker until I could barely see my hands in front of me. Then as I was running I notice a light it was small but bright. I hurry towards it, it could be the exit; I hopefully think. Another pain fills me. But in the palm of my right hand. I look to see another needle. I pull it out; more puss oozes out.

I didn't bother bandaging it; I needed to get to the light! More needles started popping up, but I didn't know from where. Then I felt a sharp pain in my head; it hurt like crazy. I felt around; no needles. I didn't stop to ponder on it. I could just be a headache from the pain

I was upon the light. But it wasn't an exit at all.

Sitting by a small oil lantern; in a black torn dress was a little girl with skin so pale she looked like a ghost. She was holding a doll with needles sticking out of it in places. She was hitting its head on the ground screaming, "GO AWAY! GO AWAY! GO AWAY!" at some pieces of the doll was a stuffing pouring out, it resembled puss.

Then I notice something terrifying, the doll looked exactly like me needle and everything.

### Chapter 3 by MysticShadow



I watch, horrified at the scene in front of me. How was this possible? Wh-what was going on? I inch a little closer when the girl turns her black eyes in my direction, her lips pull back into a sneer.

"Why are you still alive?"

I take a hesitant step back, hoping she wasn't talking to me. She lifts the mangled doll, waves it around.

"Dolls, should now their place!"

Pain explodes through my limbs, the fierceness of the pain pushing me to the floor. I try to crawl, but agony spills through my limbs. I look up, my heart racing as I see the girl twisting the doll in all directions.

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## Chapter 4 by xXShadowStepXx 39



I felt myself strapped down to the floor as if something were holding me in place. I yell as the child becomes impatient, and walks closer toward me.

"Lie lie and lie again. I will put you back in bed. close your eyes and dream away. Because you won't dream if you don't wake." She sang in a piercing pitch. When she met to my face she stabbed my arm and said.

"You will deal with much more before the end don't you worry."

And poof just like that she was gone. As I kept on to the dark and endless hallway.

12 hours earlier

Notebook of Damien Porschky: I have arrived at the asylum and just looking at it makes me sick. What unknown horrors lurk in the shadows of Death mountain asylum of the insane.

## Chapter 5 by Kittyperi29



The only other person I have with me is best friend and assistant sleuth, Jamie Winsborough. I know that there is a mystery behind those iron doors and I, Damien Porschky, intend to find it.

I set my journal down and pondered for a moment, before adding,

I will die before coming out empty handed.

That was that. I stuffed it back into my bag and sized up the gloomy building.

Probably built in the 19th century.

Barred windows.

Iron gates and doors.

Three spiraling towers out of the sides.

Looked manageable enough.

"Jamie, hand me the crowbar" I nodded at her.

She felt around her tool belt and

The door was heavier than I

On the fourth try I was able

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The hall was dark and gloomy. And, to my surprise, lit lanterns flickered in every corner, the wax unmelted and fresh, like they had just been lit and restocked.

I set one foot first, reminding myself that every journey begins with a single step.

The floorboards creaked beneath my feet and I motioned Jamie to follow me.

"Are you 100% sure this is safe, Damien?" she said, voice trembling.

I nodded. "I've seen tons of these places. I'm still alive, aren't I? Besides," I glared at the menacing ripping wallpaper and cracked wood on the floor. "I don't believe in the paranormal."

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